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# THE TATLER and BYSTANDER

LONDON  
JANUARY 28, 1948

Two Shillings  
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Angus McBean

## PAOLO SILVERI, OF COVENT GARDEN

This brilliant singer, who made his first appearance here with the San Carlo Opera Company at Covent Garden in the autumn of 1946, is shortly to visit his native Italy. He is at present singing the title rôle of *Rigoletto*, and the part of the Count di Luna in *Il Trovatore* at the Royal Opera House. In Italy he will do a month's study with his father-in-law Cirino, the famous bass, and on his return to this country will sing first the part of Germont Senior in Tyrone Guthrie's new production of *La Traviata* and then the title rôle in *Boris Godounov*, produced by Peter Brook. This will be the first time the authentic Mussorgsky version has been produced at Covent Garden





## The Dress for the Part

WE were talking of men's manners and women's dress—what topics more imperishable?—and through the window we could see the light over Big Ben to remind us that Parliament was sitting again. (Would it be fair to say that the House of Commons is the only entertainment in London still allowed to advertise its nightly performances with an electric sign?)

An M.P. had just observed that before the House rose in December there had been talk of revising the rules for covering and uncovering the head which date from more elegant days. He did not think much would come of it, the House being jealous of the ancient rules.

Sir Austen Chamberlain must surely have been the last great Parliamentarian to observe fully the traditional etiquette. He was the first man I ever saw raise a silk hat when his name was mentioned—in a derogatory way, on that occasion—and in one debate he kept himself busy raising it in acknowledgement of praise and blame alike for over an hour.

### A Subtle Device

SILK hats! On Budget Day the two Members from the City invited to the Front Bench usually wear them, and there is Sir William Darling, who sells himself beautiful clothes in Edinburgh, but is too much a newcomer and backbencher to have had much chance of hat raising yet.

The point at issue in December arose from the need to wear a hat when raising a point of order during the taking of a division. This, I fancy, was a device for catching the Speaker's eye when all the other M.P.s were strolling about, their hats in their hands.

Today a Member often balances an Order Paper on his head to attract attention. Or even on occasion playfully makes a toy boat and wears it. For the most part, it matters not what an M.P. has on his head nowadays—let alone in it.

Sir Austen Chamberlain, with his frock-coat and monocle, his haberdashery and precise mannerisms, saw the end of an epoch.

Today the Lobby is about as fastidious in dress (oh, yes, taste is not entirely at the mercy of rationing) as a boilermakers' convention, and the elegance of the Speaker's Procession each afternoon seems an anachronism—if there be such a thing as anachronism in dress.

For on this January evening, when we had dismissed the politicians for a moment, I heard of the reception given a few weeks ago in the Embassy in Paris, that draughty mansion on which Lady Diana Duff Cooper has now left her mark.

"I didn't know," said the woman who had been there, "Whether I was in 1948 or 1898. I came to the conclusion that it must have been 1898. Tight-boned bodices . . . expanses of shoulder . . . skirts unbelievably full . . . tons of petticoats and crinolines."

Admiring one dress particularly, she complimented its owner and said: "You must have used all of twenty yards of material for that crinoline."

"Twenty yards!" was the indignant reply. "There are over fifty in this damned thing!"

(My free translation of ". . . cet espèce de robe.")

Now that I come to think of it, a good deal of the Parliament that was, and of these women's fashions that are simultaneously of yesterday and today, creeps into Alexander Korda's film, *The Ideal Husband*.

So what we lose on the swings of the men's clothes, we maintain on the roundabouts of women's dress.

That fascinating bore and prig the fourth Earl of Chesterfield had much to say on such themes as this, and I have been looking into one of the volumes of his interminable letters to his poor son Philip.

### BRIGGS—by Graham



"Some of the younger members of the staff wish me to inquire if they may have the evening off to go to the circus . . ."

I suppose that the best-known advice he gave is the controversial dictum: "Take great care always to be dressed like the reasonable people of your own age, in the place where you are."

### Shock for Dad

ONE can imagine a Philip Stanhope of 1948 carefully obeying this enjoinder, and returning to Chesterfield House after a sojourn in Kansas City or a couple of years as a Bevin Boy, and meeting dear father before he has had time to change.

Was ever a son so pursued by parental advice? Was ever there so would-be proud a father?

"Dear Boy. If I am rightly now informed, I am now writing to a fine gentleman in a scarlet coat laced with gold, a brocade waistcoat and all other suitable ornaments. . . ."

That was in 1748.

What is so amazing is that men should have been so fastidious in an age notorious for its concealed squalor, when sanitation was a word to be found in a dictionary but hardly in practice.

"Dear Boy. In your person you must be accurately clean; and your teeth, hands and nails should be superlatively so. I insist that you wash your teeth the first thing that you do every morning with a soft sponge and warm water, for four or five minutes. Nothing looks more ordinary, vulgar and illiberal than dirty hands and ugly, uneven and ragged nails. The ends of our nails should be small segments of circles, and every time you wipe your hands, rub the skin round your nails backwards, that it may not grow up and shorten your nails too much. . . . When you were a schoolboy, you were slovenly and dirty above your fellows."

### Guile of the Serpent

POOR Philip! How confused he must have been while unravelling the tortuous eccentricities of his cynical father's mind; when, for instance, he received after a dollop of moral advice a letter such as one which reached him in Venice or Turin.

"Dear Boy. I recommend to you an innocent piece of art—that of flattering people behind their backs, in the presence of those . . . who will not fail to repeat and even amplify the praise to the party concerned. This is, of all flattery, the most pleasing and the most effectual . . . there are many other arts of this kind."

Philip Stanhope died five years before his father, doubtless surfeited with paternal advice. He was an illegitimate son, his mother



being an attractive creature whom Lord Chesterfield met at The Hague. Somewhere in the volumes of letters there is doubtless a fine homily on this accident of birth but I have never come upon it.

### The Crystal Spring

**P**ERHAPS my private interest in Chesterfield is that for some years I have lived on the site of the mansion to which he gave his name, and in which he died.

I recently heard a strange story of a well on this site.

The great fourth Earl of Chesterfield presumably drank whatever water he did drink from this well, which for a couple of hundred years supplied a greater part of Mayfair with a liquid which was believed to have tonic effects. This went on to the 'sixties of the last century.

A cholera scare shook London.

The well was in the garden of Chesterfield House, and the then tenant—with several children—decided to seal the well, despite protests from all the nobility and gentry for a mile around, pending an analysis of the famous water.

A queue of footmen and other menservants, it should be explained, was in the habit of forming each morning outside the stables to fetch the day's ration for drinking.

The analysis came back: if it did not contain cholera germs, then they were among the few germs which this illustrious beverage did not contain.

It harboured "foreign matter" to a degree which alarmed even the casual 'sixties.

The well was permanently sealed.

Years passed, and there came 1940 and a bomb dropped close to the site of the well. The first person to be aware of its renewed vitality has been the landlord of a local public house, who found that it was seeping into his beer cellars. . . .

The upheavals and excavations of the past few years must have produced many cases like this. We are apt to forget that it was within living memory that a great deal of London quenched its thirst from wells which were part of the patchwork of London's underground streams and rivers.

There are still some today; there is one at a well-known hotel which I believe is over 200 feet deep. But as everyone is presumed to drink champagne there I suppose its purity has never been seriously questioned.

### Samuel and Mae

**I**HAVE never been able to comprehend the Americans' affection for that Chesterfield contemporary (and also fascinating bore) Dr. Samuel Johnson. Unless it be the American love for rotund oratory and pompous phrase.

It was within a few yards of where I now write that Samuel came, waited, was rebuffed in the anteroom, went home and penned his famous letter.

The word "Chesterfield" as applied to an overcoat was not in the Johnson dictionary: what would Samuel have made of the problem of putting in the phrase "Mae West"?

Just when this phrase crept into official R.A.F. phraseology seems uncertain, or even the exact date of its first adoption.

Miss West should be a proud woman. Not many American actresses, to put it mildly, have contributed a phrase to the English language.

She is a quietly-spoken, thoughtful little woman, of slight physique. Her other claim to fame, as London now can observe, is to suggest that the "New Look" is a misnomer.

It's just an old, old look—about as old as Eve herself.

**Gordon Beckles**

## WORDS WITHOUT SONGS

### Diatribes: TO A SKYLARK

Filling the heavens with facetious song,  
What have you got to shout about, you bird?  
The whole darned universe is going wrong—  
Haven't you heard?

Haven't you heard of Molotoff, you fowl?  
Of Palestine? Of Exports? Taxes? Coal?  
Must you reiterate your ribald howl?  
Have you no soul?

Some forty million Britons tear their hair—  
And forty million Britons are *too* right—  
But you, you go on hiccupping up there;  
Hen, are you tight?

Don't you have shortages of haws and hips.  
Whatever it is you stuff inside your jaws?  
Is there no Strachey-bird, no feathered Cripps?  
Don't you have *laws*?

Haven't you got to queue up for your worm?  
Is there no nesting problem where you live?  
Are you, quite simply, mentally infirm?  
Are you spiv?

It goes on gargling. One of us isn't fit,  
Either this poult's afflicted, or it's me.  
Listen, it's speaking. . . . Oh, I see. *That's*  
it—

You say you're *free*!

—Justin Richardson



**LADY HERMIONE STUART**, only daughter of the Earl of Moray, who is an accomplished horsewoman, handing a stirrup cup to Miss Juniper Delap at the start of a paper-chase by members of the Darnaway Castle Pony Club. About thirty members of the club, which was formed last summer, took part in the event. Darnaway Castle, Forres, Morayshire, is the Earl of Moray's Scottish home





**The Lower Bohemianism**, as illustrated by the Holmes family in "Flowers for the Living." Mother and father (Thora Hird and William Murray) welcome their ex-Service daughter Lily (Joy Shelton) and her soldier fiancé (Sydney Tafler). At the table sit Lily's brother and sister (George Holding and Rowena Gregory), and sizing her up with unabashed curiosity are also the Young Man from Upstairs (Robert Desmond), Sid and his wife (Eric Worth and Mary Don) and Mrs. Shadwell (Maureen Halligan)

Anthony Cookman  
and Tom Titt

## At the Theatre

"Flowers for the Living"  
(New Lindsey)

"STARK" and "Zola-esque" are words that have been used to describe this drama of an East End slum. Though used in a complimentary sense, they may give an unduly forbidding impression of Miss Toni Block's quite remarkable talent for representing squalor faithfully yet amusingly.

Things are pretty bad in the Holmes' kitchen, but the family as a whole is mercifully unaware of how bad they are. Cheerfulness keeps breaking in because they are human beings and not ciphers in a sociological report. Workshy Dad meets every trouble halfway by starting up a thirst which must straightaway be quenched. Mum, who works ceaselessly, is tired but resigned to tiredness. Her mind is full of selfless but sorry little schemes for the family's betterment.

Two of the girls are loose, gaudy and luckless, the small boy is a potential street tough, but the cheerful vitality of youth is theirs, they are, in a way, fond of each other and they do not want to be bettered. It is on their ignorance of a life outside their own coarse and squalid existence that the drama turns.

For demobilization has brought back a young sergeant in the A.T.S. to her home, and Lil has learned in the comparative privacy of the Army to appreciate good painting and fine music, to live cleanly and to talk "posh." She is a clever girl, she might have "made something of herself" if the war had lasted longer, but what chance has she now?

NIGHT and day she feels the pressure of the old, hateful environment forcing her into her sisters' mould. Or shall she take her gratuity and go? Not so easy. There are her natural affections for Dickie and Shirley, there is her loyalty to Mum—and there is Stanley, her young man who also has been demobilized and who wants to open a garage.

These are problems which the Lilies of real life have small hope of coping with satisfactorily. Stanley, in all probability, would himself be something left over from the untutored tastes of pre-war days, and, if accepted in marriage, almost certain to become part—not perhaps the least intolerable part—of the hated environment.

For the author no less than for his heroine, Stanley is a fateful figure. He can be the making or the unmaking of her two-thirds made play. If he has no sympathy with Lil's craving for the things of the spirit, Lil is surely doomed: the end, whatever the treatment, may well be stark and Zola-esque. If, on the other hand, he should turn out to be a kindred soul, hungering like her for beauty, the problem will seem to have been solved too easily. Miss Toni Block gets out of the dilemma gracefully, even movingly, but only by throwing the problem overboard.

IT is, for all that, a play worthy of a more central London stage, and it would be unthinkable that Mum should not then continue to be played by Miss Thora Hird, whose portrait of the manly, game, cheerfully resigned little woman, exact in observation, is beautifully executed. Miss Joy Shelton rightly and skilfully stresses the essential ordinariness of the bewildered heroine, keeping her free from destructive glamour, and Mr. Sydney Tafler is also at pains to wear his sense of beauty with the modesty becoming the plain Englishman.



# The Gossip Backstage

by

Beaumont Kent

**A**FTER an absence of ten years Gladys Cooper, temporarily released from Hollywood filming by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, returns to the West End stage on February 5 when at the Criterion she appears in *The Indifferent Shepherd*, a new play by Peter Ustinov.

In this comedy in a modern setting she will play a vicar's wife, the vicar being Francis Lister, and others in the cast will include Andrew Cruickshank, Anne Turner, Charles Cullum, Peter Streep and Charmian Eyre, a young actress spotted by Henry Sherek while she was playing in Guildford repertory. Norman Marshall will direct and the *décor* is by Anthony Holland who designed the settings of *Edward, My Son* and *You Never Can Tell*.

**S**HEREK and Ustinov are very busy people for they are also engaged in the production of *Frenzy*, stage version of the Mai Zetterling film, adapted by Ustinov from the Swedish original which is to be produced not in Stockholm but in Oslo. Ustinov will himself play the part of the schoolmaster "Caligula," with Joan Greenwood as the girl. The play opens on tour at Newcastle on March 1. The production, says Sherek, will be as elaborate as that of *Edward, My Son*, and the settings have been designed by Tanya Moiseiwitsch.

Sherek, who before the autumn goes to the States to arrange for the presentation of *Frenzy* and *Edward, My Son* on Broadway, plans to produce two more plays by Ustinov and a revue by Alan Melville, with music by Charlie Zwar.

**N**OEL MADISON who has directed the production of *Four Hours to Live*, the New York success by Norman Krasna which opens at the Saville tomorrow, is the son of Maurice Moscovitch who is still remembered for his striking performances here in *The Great Lover* and *The Merchant of Venice* twenty-seven years or so ago.

Though born in America he spent his schooldays here. Towards the end of the first World War he joined Andre Charlot and at eighteen understudied Jack Buchanan. Since then he has made good in the States as an actor and producer of plays and films. Jack La Rue, who plays the leading rôle in *Four Hours to Live*—he is the only American artist in a cast of twenty-five speaking parts—is an old friend of his. They have so often been in the running for the same kind of rôle that La Rue, at whose request he produced the play, said, "I thought it would be safer to get him in the director's chair."

**E**LIZABETH SCHWARZKOPF, the attractive singer who was first heard in England during last year's visit of the Vienna State Opera, has joined the Covent Garden company. Her first rôle will be in the revival of *The Magic Flute* next Tuesday when she will appear as Pamina. Hans Hotter, another Viennese, is also in the cast and Arnold Matters, the Australian singer, will appear as Papageno.

**N**ORRIS HOUGHTON, the American producer of *Macbeth* which, with Michael Redgrave, has built up into a solid success at the Aldwych, has returned after a lightning visit to New York. My guess is that his trip had something to do with the eventual presentation of the play on Broadway. Houghton is now a director of Theatre Incorporated which presented the Old Vic company in New York.

This Middle-Westerner was originally a stage designer and did his first work for the theatre with the University Players, a group of fellow graduates (among whom were Margaret Sullavan, Henry Fonda and James Stewart) at Princeton University. Houghton served in the U.S. Navy from 1942-45 and attended the Yalta conference. Officially he was an interpreter but he says that in actual fact his rôle was that of a stage manager who had to ensure that everybody was there "on the cue."

**W**HEN Richard Hughes's *The Comedy of Good and Evil* is presented at the Arts Theatre on February 11, Diana Morgan, who was in the original production several years ago, will again play the leading part.



Houston Rogers

**"NOW ANY SENSIBLE YOUNG MAN WOULD WANT TO KISS YOU"**

John Dodsworth as Rex Linden and Carmel McSharry as Edith Westmore in *The Linden Tree* at the Duchess Theatre. Featuring Sir Lewis Casson and Dame Sybil Thorndike, it is the most successful of Mr. J. B. Priestley's many exhilarating stage ventures, having been running since the middle of August. It is presented by the London Mask Theatre Company

**Of "The Linden Tree" Anthony Cookman said:** "Here, certainly, are the makings of a great play—a big theme, dramatic discussions, a genuine revelation of character under pressure. . . ."



## Freda Bruce Lockhart

Decorations  
by Hoffnung

## At The Pictures

## Survivals and Arrivals

SOME weeks ago at a Sunday morning session of the critics on the air, non-film critics dismissed the cinema's claim to be accounted an art on the grounds that films become too quickly dated to stand revival. Most of them I couldn't help suspecting were thinking of the museum-type revivals of ancient silent classics, or 1929 talkies, which admittedly demand very considerable indulgence if we are to detect their qualities behind the jerky motions and crude contortions—though there is life in the best of them yet, as anybody who has seen an early Chaplin knows.

It is true that the cinema has grown up on the assumption that it is an evanescent form of entertainment. But that it has outgrown the need to be ashamed of its past is made plain by some of the recent revivals which have been stopping the gap caused by the film tax. The time has surely come for films to carry their dates proudly on the credit titles, instead of burying them in reference books.

Until now the selection of revivals has been cautious and cold-footed. Most of those the trade has been reluctantly compelled to show have been only a year or two old: not-quite-forgotten successes like *Blythe Spirit* or *Great Expectations*, which could be presumed not to have milked their first-run audiences quite dry.

The public is supposed to be coy of revivals, never having had much opportunity to find out that any satisfactory film, like any good play, bears seeing at least twice. I confess to having revisited some of my own favourites in the more free and easy past as many as six or seven times.

**I**N fact, the poor public has remarkably little chance to make its likes or dislikes known. "Box office" has long been the demon invoked to excuse all that is most deplorable on the screen. But the law of demand and supply operates far more slowly and indirectly on the cinema than the theatre, where adverse box office reactions, in other words public distaste, can close a play in its opening week.

Films have hitherto been released to the country according to an arbitrary timetable dictated by the trade. Except in the larger towns, choice is more often confined to going to the pictures or staying at home than between a variety of pictures to patronize. Almost anywhere outside London a picture for which publicity has whetted the appetite for months may be here on Sunday, gone on Saturday, never to be picked up again except by special pilgrimage.

Encouraged by the reception given to the first diffident revivals, our film dictators have now decided on the daring step of allowing selected films to run as long as the public wants them. This rational procedure will be a startling innovation

in the provinces, where a picture moves on after its statutory three or six days.

A beginning has thus been made; but the existing rigid rota system will not be easily loosened as long as the companies which make films—the producers—and those which sell and show them—the distributors and exhibitors—are as closely linked as they are today. (This, incidentally, was one of the points at issue between the fabulous Mr. Del Giudice and Mr. Rank.)

These are trade questions. But they affect the public, the critics and the whole status of the cinema. How could a standard of taste develop for any medium which was only represented by the current week's output? Imagine the misery of being able to read nothing but the latest books, to see none but contemporary paintings. The cinema is young and its early efforts, as those scornful critics asserted, dated too quickly to be now of more than curio interest. But a whole film era lies between that primitive school and the new pictures already being revived.

MANY people found that *Gone With the Wind* looked much better in 1947 than in 1939.

Two of the most impressive revivals have been the seventeen-year-old *Blue Angel* (still showing at the Everyman, Hampstead) and the ten-year-old *Pygmalion*. Neither appeared stale or dated in any essential aspect. Both set before us standards that still seem high.

Those eight years immediately before the last war offer, I suggest, the most fruitful period for further revivals. A whole generation has grown up who can never have seen the pre-war pictures of the cinema's prime. Only the elderly enthusiasts among us, or those of us who began our filmgoing as precocious pioneers and with elephantine memories, can remember them to any purpose. Yet some standard of comparison is necessary if those critics who look down from the superior heights of the elder arts are to be given the lie.

**G**RADUALLY perhaps the policy of revivals may be extended to form the spearhead of a freer system, where films of every age and language-group would be allowed to find their own level at the box office. It is certainly a distant dream, but in conditions of free competition between independent cinema managements, we might have repertory cinemas; picture houses specializing in comedy, farce, highbrow experiments or Westerns; seasons to illustrate the work of particular directors or stars. Some of the worst horrors could be resolutely rejected; and some enterprising management would at present surely be inviting us to compare Garbo's *Anna Karenina*—silent in 1927, talkie in 1936—with Vivien Leigh's 1948 version.



With such freedom of choice, there would I hope be no room in Leicester Square for *Night Beat* (which has reached the Empire), unless as a demonstration of the besetting sins of British studios. A profitable analysis could no doubt be made of the dialogue, plopping along in dollops of bathos; the assorted accents of English as it is not spoken; settings which—from the large light and airy night club, to the various flats its spiv proprietor finds for unmarried ladies, and the suite of rooms with porthole on to the dance floor to which he takes his wife—look like any set seen in the raw in any studio.

For high hilarity, we are offered a choice between the vicious blonde crooner's suicide leap after she has driven a knife into her lover's diaphragm; and a fight between the two heroes which begins with all the nasty tricks they had learned in the Commandos, but ends very wetly in the water with the victor saving his victim from drowning and blowing a watery "Peep-Peep" on the latter's police whistle. Personally I find laughing in wrong places a morbid form of amusement.

There seemed a brief hope, when the Commandos joined the police, that we were going to have a neat account of police methods and training. But it was all too brief. The cast, I feel sure, would like their parts in *Night Beat*—except Michael Medway's two-minute very comic turn—forgotten as quickly as possible. Harold Huth, veteran of British studios, as producer and director, can hardly escape responsibility.

**E**VEN against more distinguished competition, *The Unfaithful*, at the Warner, would probably hold its own as efficient entertainment. On the morning after *Night-Beat* it looked like high art (Hollywood school). Skilful editing and direction give the picture a swift, sure smoothness like Sir Thomas Beecham's conducting after a school concert. The performance of Miss Ann Sheridan as the unfaithful, Mr. Zachary Scott as her uncomprehending husband, Mr. Lew Ayres as their faithful lawyer, are expert in the established Hollywood style and a degree more honest.

Warners' answers to the ancient problem of "should a wife tell?" (even when she has knifed her wartime lover on the drawing-room floor) are, as we might expect, glib; but I felt that if I were the husband I would have found the plea for forgiveness of a war-wife's frailty made by that comfortable cynic, Miss Eve Arden, more persuasive than Mr. Ayres's concluding treatise against divorce in general.

Once upon a time we could have afforded to pour mild scorn on this topical variation on a perennial theme. Today I must admit gratitude for the sheer accomplishment which held me absorbed from the opening of what seemed a conventional murder mystery, right through the marital melodrama, to within a few minutes of the end.

ANA  
NEVADA

This accomplished *danseuse* was born at Oran, Algeria, and though trained for the classical ballet she soon began to specialize in Spanish dancing. Combining a finished technique with fiery vigour she has become one of the most conspicuous figures in the renaissance of French dancing now in progress. When the Ballets de Champs Elysées was first seen in London in 1946, she appeared in the ballet *Los Caprichos*, choreography by herself and Juanito Garcia, with décor and costumes by Clave, and she has recently been dancing at the Adelphi in the six weeks season of ballet recitals, *Etoiles de la Danse*, sponsored by Mr. C. B. Cochran.







*George Bilainkin.*

## AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



*Fayer*  
H.E. Dr. Victor Alexander Khoury, the  
Lebanese Minister

**B**OTH in the great cities of the Middle East and in villages several days' car-drive from the nearest town, Arab statesmen and local politicians speak effortless French and English learnt in Beirut. The fame of the two universities of this capital of strategically influential Lebanon extends with good reason throughout the world.

Before the Christian era well-planned roads were laid out in Lebanon by Greek and Roman conquerors. To-day the roads lead to one of civilisation's wonders,

Baalbeck (Heliopolis), which contains the ruins of first to third-century Roman temples, the Circular, the Great and the Bacchus. Nearby is also to be found the largest cut stone in the world, 60 by 17 by 14 ft., weighing 1500 tons.

Modern, independent Lebanon is a modest strip of 120 miles, measuring but 30 to 35 miles west to east, stretching from Palestine in the south to the plains of Syria in the north. For 400 years or more the Turks occupied the country, then came the French mandate, and now the 1,200,000 Christians and Moslems are free at last in their holiday-land, producing silks and fruits, and spreading learning. Incidentally, the 160,000 inhabitants of Beirut must create a record for newspaper production, with thirty-eight Arabic and three French dailies.

**L**EBANON is represented at the Court of St. James's by His Excellency Dr. Victor Alexander Khoury, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, who as Counsellor of Mission arrived in England at the end of 1944 with Monsieur Camille Chamoun, the Republic's first Minister, now a member of the Government.

Born in Mexico City forty-five years ago, Dr. Khoury studied Spanish and Arabic there till the age of twelve. He visited his homeland four times with his father, the President of the Lebanese Administrative Council, and went to school in Beirut in 1915, remaining there till 1919, when he joined the University of Paris. He studied law, secured a diploma from the school for higher social studies, and was awarded a doctorate in political economy for a thesis on "The Evolution of the Mandate A."

In 1926 Dr. Khoury returned to Beirut to practise law, and wrote articles on political affairs for the newspapers. He travelled to Britain in a blacked-out ship, to begin a new career. Dr. Khoury represented Lebanon at many international conferences in various parts of the world, and attended sessions of United Nations. Last year he undertook a special goodwill mission where his unique linguistic advantages enabled him to render signal service to Lebanon as well as to Brazil, Peru, Venezuela, Uruguay, Argentina, Dominica, Cuba, Haiti, all in sixty-three days. The task was carried out with dignity and skill.

**I**N London there is the fascination for Dr. Khoury of theatres and rare concerts. But for the moment work is the supreme master. In the turbulent state of the Middle East every Arab country requires immense efforts from its envoys. Beirut is often the meeting-place of the Arab League, and the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, Haj Amin al Hussein, has visited Beirut in recent months. Lebanon is one of the key states of the Eastern Mediterranean, and heavy loads rest on its Minister at St. James's.



H.E. Mr. Leif Egeland, for whom the luncheon was given, and H.E. Mr. K. M. Goodenough, High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia



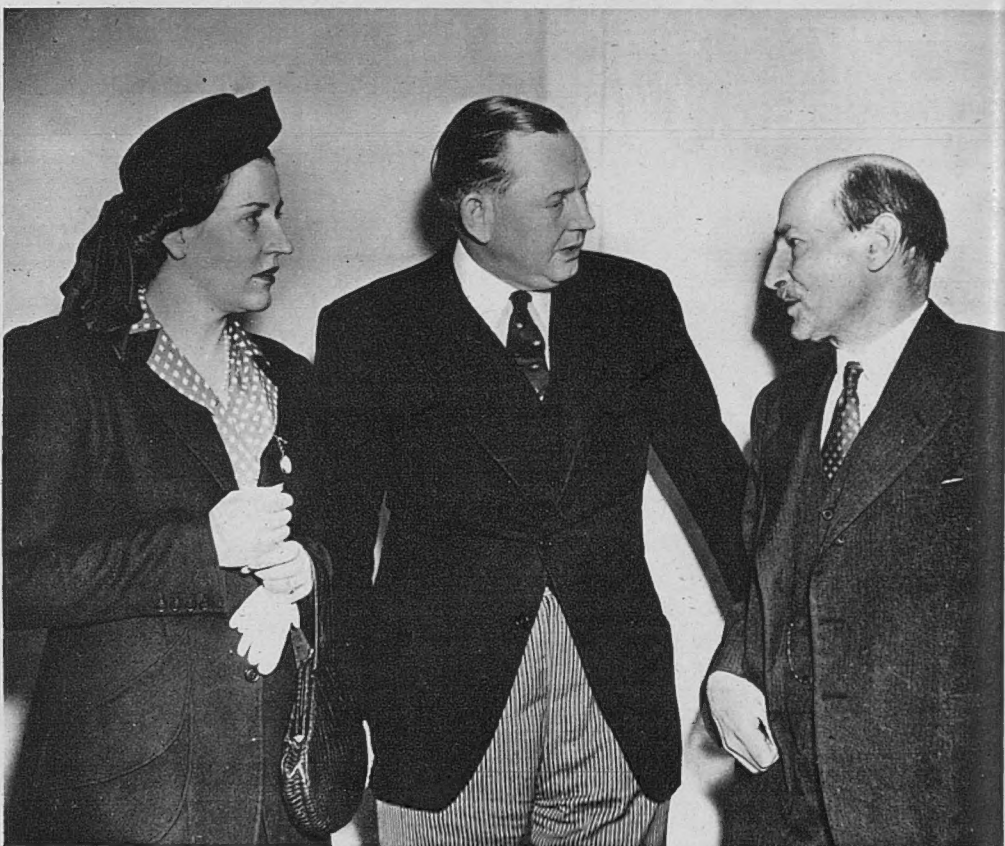
The Rt. Hon. J. A. Beasley, High Commissioner for Australia, with H.E. Habib Rahimtoola, High Commissioner for Pakistan, and Mrs. Rahimtoola



H.E. Mme. van Verduynen, wife of the Dutch Ambassador, Sir Alan Lascelles, the King's Private Secretary, and Mrs. Beasley



H.E. Mr. J. W. Dulanty, High Commissioner for Eire, the Rt. Hon. W. J. Jordan, High Commissioner for New Zealand, and Mrs. Jordan



The Prime Minister, Mr. Clement Attlee, talking to the new High Commissioner and Mrs. Egeland at the Savoy luncheon, which was attended by many Empire and foreign diplomats

## South Africa Club Luncheon

To Welcome the New High Commissioner





*The field taking one of the jumps in the Stayers' Handicap three-mile hurdle race, which was won by Major Noel Furlong's Comeragh*

## Racegoers at the Cheltenham January Meeting



*Mr. Richard Bryant and Miss Patricia Russell-Wood were two who enjoyed this good meeting*



*Sir John Burder, a former member of the Council of State for India, and his daughter Susan*



*Capt. D. Evetts and Major P. G. Thin discuss the day's prospects in the sunshine*



*Brig. Speed, Lt.-Gen. Sir Wentworth Harman, formerly Inspector of Cavalry, and Mrs. Speed*



*The Countess of Shrewsbury, her sister, Mrs. Sylvia Heber Percy, and Major A. A. Sidney Villar*



*The Hon. Jennifer Lawrence, daughter of Lord Oaksey, Mr. Richard Green and the Hon. Rosamond Lawrence*



*Capt. A. Wicks and Miss Angela Palmer assess the points of a likely winner before a race*



*Miss. Penelope Henderson, Mrs. Michael Llewellyn and Mr. Robert Laurie were also there*





*The South Notts Hunt met recently at Epperstone Manor, the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Boxhall, the first time a meet has been held there for many years. Members drank punch mixed by the host—a traditional custom. Seen in the main hall are Mrs. T. J. Cundy, Mrs. J. Seely, Miss E. C. Seely, Mr. T. J. Cundy, Major Jim Seely, M.F.H., and Mr. and Mrs. William Boxhall. Mr. Boxhall is Lord of the Manor of Epperstone and prospective Liberal candidate for the Newark Division*

*Janifer writes*

## HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

**I**N receiving schoolboy John Greeves at Sandringham, and presenting him with the King's Gold Medal annually awarded at the King Edward VII. School, His Majesty followed the custom set by his father. Memories of that dearly-loved Sovereign, whose Silver Jubilee was one of the greatest demonstrations of loyalty and affection for the Throne in all our long history, are stirred by the fact that the King and Queen have a silver anniversary of their own to celebrate this year. It is now eleven years since Their Majesties came to the Throne, and fourteen years earlier than that they were married in Westminster Abbey, on April 26th, 1923.

Already, though no official lead has come from Buckingham Palace, where wedding anniversaries are apt to be regarded as falling within the category of family affairs of purely private concern, there are signs that the Royal Silver Wedding will be made the occasion for public demonstrations on a big scale, and quite a few well-known hostesses are contemplating Silver Wedding Week dances and other entertainments—always provided that the austere state of the nation permits the holding of parties of any kind.

**T**HE Highland Ball, in aid of the Airborne Forces' Security Fund, which was held at Grosvenor House recently, was a tremendous success, raising a splendid sum for the gallant Airborne men and providing a really enjoyable evening for dancers, with a gay and colourful scene for spectators. Most of the men present wore kilts, and the women tartan sashes

on their evening dresses. An unusual feature at a dance these days was that programmes were provided, and partners taking advantage of this old-fashioned idea soon got busy booking their dances; Another charming custom I noticed revived was that many of the women wore long kid gloves.

**P**IPERS of the 5th Scottish Paratroop Battalion marched up and down playing Scottish airs as guests arrived, until after the arrival of the Archdukes Robert and Felix of Austria past a guard of honour of Airborne troops who lined the stairs when the ball began. Half the dances on the programme were reels and Scottish country dances, which both Archduke Robert and his brother dance well. Dancing in one of the latter with them were the MacLaine of Lochbuie, who so successfully organised the Ball with the help of a hard-working committee, his charming wife, also Lady Elizabeth Lumley, in an attractive satin dress inset with lace; Lady Grizel Ogilvy, in a sequin-embroidered blue tulle dress; Col. and Mrs. Olaf Macleod, Miss Elizabeth Moncrieff, one of the Ball committee, very good-looking in a beautiful brocade dress, and the Hon. Charles Stourton, whom I later saw dancing an old-fashioned waltz with Miss Monique Bohn, who was looking attractive in a red velvet crinoline.

The Hon. Winifred Ponsonby, in a pink tulle and black velvet dress, was enthusiastically dancing a petronella, as were Major Desmond Maclean, Miss Anne Maxwell, Miss Ingleby-Mackenzie, Lady Mary Lumley, Lady

David Douglas-Hamilton, Mr. Philip Briant, Capt. Ronald Callander and Mr. David James, whose home is on the lovely Island of Mull. The Hon. Patricia Stourton was dancing with her fiancé, Mr. Peter Crowder, and both were receiving congratulations on their engagement. They plan to get married in the late spring or early summer.

Major David Smiley, one of the most gallant of our Airborne men during the war, was accompanied by his lovely wife, and others I saw included Mr. Michael Lyle and his wife, who come from Perthshire—Mrs. Lyle is the younger daughter of Sir Archibald and Lady Sinclair—the Marquess and Marchioness of Lansdowne, Major-Gen. Urquhart, who commanded the Airborne forces at Arnhem; Mr. Derek Stanley Smith, dancing with the Hon. Juliana Curzon; Miss Mary Cooke, Miss Rosemary Bullough, Lady Cecilia FitzRoy, and Major Ian Milne, a kilted officer wearing the famous Airborne wings.

One of the most impressive sights of the evening was a "kilted" eightsome reel in which only men in Highland dress were allowed to take part. This very enjoyable evening, with its truly Scottish flavour, ended with a hilarious waltz and galop at 2 a.m.

**A** VERY interesting exhibition of books from Yugoslavia, together with national costumes and handicrafts worn and made in that country, is being shown at the Academy Cinema exhibition hall in Oxford Street until February 1st. This exhibition was opened by



the Yugoslav Ambassador, who made an interesting speech and spoke of the great strides forward his country has made since its liberation and of the great increase in learning all over the country. It was amazing to hear that in Yugoslavia the total number of books published in 1947 showed an increase of 500 per cent. over the best pre-war records. Many of these are translations from the English by the Yugoslav Book Society, and include the works of Swift, Dickens, Thackeray, Priestley, Galsworthy, Shakespeare and Daphne du Maurier.

Also included in the exhibition are some beautiful photographs of the country, which I am sure will make everyone who sees them want to visit Yugoslavia when the travel restrictions can be lifted. Mr. Desmond McCarthy spoke after M. Leontic, and was followed by Professor Lavrin.

Among those going round the exhibition that afternoon were M. Zaroubin, the Soviet Ambassador, accompanied by Mme. Zaroubin, who looked charming in one of the new full beaver coats with voluminous sleeves over a wine-red dress. The Belgian Ambassador was chatting to Mme. Leontic, who looked chic in black, and I met the Nepalese Ambassador admiring the exhibition.

UNTIL recently I thought I had travelled to Windsor races in nearly every possible manner. When I worked in a factory in Surrey during the war I made a cross-country journey by bus and train, and sometimes ended up with a kindly lift in a horse-box. When living near Windsor for a short period I bicycled to the course. I have been there frequently by train and then taken a taxi, or one of the many quaint horse-drawn vehicles ranging from a governess-cart, or hansom cab, to a wagonette, which made their reappearance during the war.

In the summer months I have walked out of the station to the landing-stage at the river's edge and been taken up to the course in a row-boat or punt. On one occasion when being hunted up the river at great speed, on nearing our destination we passed a rather fast river steamer. The small punt rocked, and the wash from the steamer swamped us and I arrived with the bottom half of my coat soaked. I have also been comfortably by car from door to door, but that was before the "basic" days arrived!

For the last meeting I went yet another way. I joined a private bus party which left the West End at 11 a.m. and arrived in the Members' car-park at Windsor an hour later after one of the most comfortable journeys I have ever made, and the return journey was just as quick and comfortable.

AMONG those who took advantage of these good arrangements were Prince Vsevolode of Russia and his wife, Princess Romanovsky Pavlovsky, Mrs. Towers Clark and her daughter, Lt.-Col. Thomas Cooke, Elizabeth Allan, looking very attractive in a snow-leopard coat, her hair tied up against the rain with a gaily-coloured scarf; her husband, Mr. Bill O'Bryen, Mr. Mostyn Hustler, who had come up from his home near Newbury and told me he had organised a similar bus party to take himself and his friends from Newbury to Cheltenham races the following Saturday; Mr. Clive Graham and his very pretty wife; Major Peter Herbert and Col. Heygate.

Windsor Executive, always go-ahead with one of the best-run racecourses in England, are to be congratulated on quickly grasping the situation and giving members car-park badges for these buses. If the "basic" is still off in June, no doubt we shall see buses full of racegoers in their top-hats and best clothes going to the "Royal" meeting at Ascot.

The racing was excellent, with good fields throughout the card. The first race was won in convincing style by Mrs. "Jakey" Astor's fine 'chaser The Diver, thus making a family double for the meeting, as her husband's good horse, Chaka, had won brilliantly the previous day. Unfortunately, neither owner was present to see these victories, as they are away in the Argentine staying with Mrs. Astor's charming parents, M. and Mme. Carcano, who made many friends here during the time M. Carcano was Argentine Ambassador at the Court of St. James's.

Among those watching the racing were Sir William Cooke, who is patron of the meeting; Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke (he is one of the stewards), Lady Willoughby looking very pretty and well-wrapped against the cold with a fur coat over her red suit, and very cosy red suede Russian boots lined with sheepskin; Lord Mildmay, and Sir Francis and Lady Towle, who were flying to Paris the following morning. There were several very smart fur coats with the new super-fullness; the Hon. Mrs. Pamela Churchill, who was chatting to Mr. Tommy Clyde, was wearing one of the nicest of these in grey Australian opossum. Mrs. C. D. Wilson, whose National horse, Rearmament, was second to Lord Stalbridge's Red April in the Salt Hill 'Chase, wore a lovely coat of phantom beaver. Another woman owner who wore one of the "new look" fur coats was Mrs. Jimmy Rank, who looked very smart in an ocelot coat. She had two runners during the afternoon—Musketeeer, which finished second in the second race, and Gay Scot, which was third later in the afternoon. Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, whose husband is having another successful season with his large stable of 'chasers, had on a fine mink coat.

Also racing were Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson, the latter in nice tweeds, chic Mrs. Carlos Clarke, very smart in blue; Mr. and Mrs. John Hislop, and Major Humphrey Butler, in a short sheepskin coat and bowler hat. I also saw Lady Lavinia Green and her sister Lady Viola Dundas, Major Ronnie Aird, Mr. Peter and Lady Elizabeth Oldfield chatting to Brigadier and Mrs. John Combe; Mrs. Dick Harrop, and the Hon. Gwen James, very pretty in a long red coat.



Marion Ferguson, younger daughter of Mr. J. E. Ferguson, owner of Derby winner Airborne, is already becoming a keen horse-woman. She is seen here with her pony Babette

ONE afternoon recently I went to one of the very interesting series of "At-Homes" given by the Women's Adjustment Board Committee. This time the subject was "London's Little Theatres." The chairman was Rose Marchioness of Headfort, herself one of the most beautiful stars of the musical stage in the days of the late George Edwardes, and always a great theatregoer. The two hostesses were Lady Suenson-Taylor, wearing a very chic feathered hat with her fur coat, and Miss Bertha Graham.

The speakers were the Hon. Karis Mond, one of the directors of the Under-Thirty Theatre Group, Mr. Colin Chandler from the Boltons Theatre, and Mr. Peter Cotes, of the Little Theatre. Miss Mond, who studied at the R.A.D.A. and produced *Hamlet* at Toynbee Hall when only eighteen, looked very attractive in a simple black dress, and made an excellent short speech telling us how she and Oscar Quitak, who



Jane Ferguson, Mr. Ferguson's elder daughter, smartly turned-out with Diana. The family live at Busbridge Wood, Godalming, Surrey

was also at the R.A.D.A. and later worked with the Old Vic Company, formed the Under-Thirty Theatre Group nearly a year ago to present plays at West End theatres for Sunday night performances. They were later joined by Hazel Wallace as organising secretary. They have two kinds of membership, Active and Theatre.

THE former is open to all members of the theatrical profession, actors, writers, scenic designers and stage managers under thirty, with at least six months' experience, and this section now numbers over 300. The theatre membership is open to all members of the general public of any age, who for 5s. a year subscription are entitled to reserve seats for themselves and guests at all performances. They are also represented on the Group Sub-Committee. In the first year of their lives this enterprising young group have been able to present six Sunday-night productions (the last one I will say more about later), which has meant that six young playwrights have had their work performed and over fifty artists had their work seen by those whose opinions count so much, and many young people have been placed under contract with promising stage careers before them.

Another excellent idea of this group (whose membership, Miss Mond told us, includes Communists to the bluest of Blues) is to exchange plays and ideas with young repertory companies of other countries. They are already establishing contacts with New Zealand, Moscow and New York.

MR. COLIN CHANDLER then told us an interesting story of the brave struggle to get the Boltons Theatre Club going. This little theatre club has been running for nearly a year and has already been visited three times by H.M. Queen Mary. During this time the management have read over 600 plays, produced fourteen (including the successful *Now Barabbas* . . . and *The Hidden Years*, which came to the Fortune Theatre on January 23rd), and have employed over 150 ex-Service actors and actresses—a really wonderful record. Mr. Cotes, who was the last speaker, answered several questions and referred briefly to the New Lindsey Theatre Club, and to other little theatres.

A few nights later we were to see an excellent example of the work of the Under-Thirty Group when they presented a really clever and slick revue on a Sunday night at the Whitehall Theatre, called *Taking a Chance*. This was stage-managed by the Hon. Karis Mond and produced by Mr. Bert Stimmel, a young American who is over here studying at the Old Vic Theatre, and among the young artists who stood out with their performances were Anita Phillips, Christopher Hewett and Charlotte Michell, who did some very clever impersonations.





*A panoramic view of the auditorium at the opening performance of Verdi's "Otello." After the S*



*Victor de Sabata, who conducted the Scala orchestra on this memorable musical occasion*

*"The Tatler" was at*

## MILAN'S LA SCALA OPERA HOUSE REOPENING

**L**A SCALA, Milan, most famous of opera houses, recently commenced a new season with a style and flourish which have not been seen since pre-war days. The beautiful auditorium has been renovated and redecorated and the old Royal Box was especially set aside for former famous stars of the opera. The theatre, which stands in Milan's Piazza della Scala, was built in 1778 on the site of a church founded by Beatrice della Scala, and has, incidentally, an interesting theatrical museum. *Otello* was first produced in Milan in 1887, when the composer was almost seventy. Verdi, who, after his rustic beginnings, finished his musical studies in Milan, was closely connected with La Scala for many years. It was Merelli, the impresario there, who persuaded him to write *Nabucodonosor*, which placed him in the front rank of the Italian composers then living, a position triumphantly maintained throughout the next fifty years





THE TATLER  
AND BYSTANDER  
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Carlo at Naples, the Scala is the largest theatre in Europe and can seat 3,600 spectators



After the performance the conductor and the singers took repeated curtain calls. They are Victor de Sabata, Maria Caniglia, Ramon Vinay, the American tenor from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and Carlin



The boxes were filled with smartly dressed men, and women beautifully bejewelled and befurred



Norma Shearer with her husband, Mr. Martin Arrouge, at the Corviglia Club



Countess Hugo Seilern with M. Giulio Richard, dining at the Palace Hotel



Photographs by Dr. R. H. Schloss  
The Hon. Mrs. Peter Aitken and M. Philippe de Posson waiting at the top of the Cresta



M. Horacio Pereda and Mrs. William Woodward, junr., at the Corviglia Club Moonshine Party



M. Philippe de Posson, Mme. I. de Terra, Major Michael Stoop and Mlle. de Posson were four other guests at this amusing event



Miss Jacqueline Lethbridge and Prince Constantin Liechtenstein enjoying themselves on the floodlit rink at the Corviglia Club party

## Priscilla in Paris

### Travellers and Books

I TRUST that Sir Oliver Harvey, our new Ambassador to Paris, will not take it amiss if I say that, in the midst of the right Republican welcome he received here, three little midinettes who were at the Gare du Nord to cheer when the Golden Arrow glided into the station, returned home greatly disappointed after seeing him. They were young girls who, unable to afford the daily five francs that a Paris newspaper costs, get their information from the radio news. French announcers are not particularly good at pronouncing English names, and the little darlings thought that the new ambassador was . . . Oliver Hardy!

The fact that ex-King Michael of Rumania's first slightly disagreeable experience as an ordinary traveller is said to have occurred when he was obliged to deal with the Swiss Customs formalities personally, reminds me that Jean-Pierre Aumont is storing up a peck of trouble for himself. In his amusing comedy *L'Empereur de Chine*, at the Théâtre des Mathurins, in which he plays the leading rôle, he gives vent to some very scathing remarks about the habits of Customs officers and the annoyance they have caused him. The other evening two of these gentlemen happened to be among the audience. Next morning they recounted what they had heard to their colleagues at a certain airport where they officiate. Jean-Pierre's friends suggest that the next time he returns from abroad he had better arrive by train.

It seems as if the floods that have caused such havoc in the provinces are likely to make themselves felt in town also, despite the official announcement that "Paris has nothing to fear," and if so, this will add to the general merriment of these difficult times. We have more faith in the stone image of the Zouave who, Atlas-like, buttresses the Alma Bridge, than in all the proclamations of the Office National de la Météorologie. When the Zouave gets the muddy waters of the Seine boiling up round his gaiters we know that the time has almost come for the unfortunate riverside dwellers who live on upper floors to fetch their last few bottles of old wine from their cellars and bring the baby's pram up from its garage under the stairs in the downstairs lobby, while the owners of ground-floor flats are wise to get out while they can still paddle.

A touch of gripe kept me under the quilt several days this week. When I reached the boiled-egg-and-bed-jacket stage (we have had a few eggs from Holland in this country) I was able to catch up a bit on all the book presents I received at Christmas and the New Year, including an Agate that I had not read before, and that I have added to my other Agatan treasures, and a collection of Virginia Woolf's exquisite essays.

THEY were gifts from England, and I am absorbing them in order to clear and clean up what brains I possess between my debauches with the lowest kind of blood-and-thunder thriller. I have also been amusing myself with a Peter Cheyney in French, and this' out of curiosity,

## Voilà!

● Paul Vialar, the novelist, wanted to buy a muzzle for his terrier. He was shown various kinds. "These are too narrow and heavy," he remarked. "Oh, no, Monsieur," answered the salesman, pointing to a customer who was leaving the shop. "I have just sold one to that lady." "Really!" said Vialar. "But then, you see, I want the muzzle for my dog, not for my wife."

out losing any of its curious imagery in the process. But then I find that M. Chantemèle has also accomplished the *tour de force* of translating Evelyn Waugh's *Vile Bodies*, a novel that, a good few years ago, was so "laughter-(and somewhat scandal-) making," and whose heroine's flowers of rhetoric passed into current use. In French the title is: *Ces Corps Vils*.

I have also received the second volume of Felix de Grand Combe's *J'ai Souvenance*. In private—or should I say military—life he is Commandant Boillot, who joined up with the Free French and has done such fine work ever since. When I first knew him he was Professor Boillot of Bristol University, and the author of many books cementing the Entente Cordiale in French and in English. His *Tu Viens en Angleterre* has helped many unfortunate foreigners to avoid some of the solecisms that arouse polite, but scornful, smiles in the beloved land of my birth. On the other hand, there is a good deal to be said for George Mikes' advice to the poor alien: "Study these rules and imitate the English. There can only be one result: if you don't succeed in imitating them you become ridiculous; if you do, you become even more so!"

## Night and Day at St. Moritz



# At the Limerick Hunt Ball



Viscount Adare, heir of the Earl of Dunraven, with Madam Fitzgerald, who is the wife of the Knight of Glin



Major A. G. Waller, Hunt Secretary, with his wife and Miss B. Muir. The Ball was the best-attended for many years



Lord Daresbury, the new Master, with Lady Helena Hilton-Green



Mr. Alex Smith with Viscountess Adare. The Ball was held at the Stella Ballroom, Limerick



Mrs. Arthur Pollock, Mrs. Frank Cleeve and Mr. Arthur Pollock, a former Master



Mrs. John Alexander, wife of Major Alexander, a former Master, with Mr. Pat Power



Capt. and Mrs. P. G. Grey, members of the West Waterford Hunt, and W/Cdr. and Mrs. R. Stednan



W/Cdr. A. W. G. Martin dancing with Viscountess Adare, formerly a United States citizen



W/Cdr. Martin talking to Mrs. S. J. Roy-Croft during supper at this very successful event



Miss Caroline Thornton, Messrs. J. J. and T. F. Ryan, Joint-Masters of the Scarteen, and Miss L. Grene



Fennell, Dublin  
Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Cleeve, of the Tipperary, take the floor. Members of every hunt in the South were present at the Ball



*A Scottish country dance in progress at this very successful Ball at Grosvenor House. Mrs. MacLaine and Col. Olaf Macleod are dancing, and on their left are the MacLaine of Lochbuie (clapping) with the Archdukes Robert and Felix of Austria, and on their right Mrs. Olaf Macleod and Lady Grizel Ogilvy (facing camera), youngest daughter of the Earl of Airlie*

## THE CLANS GATHER AT THE HIGHLAND BALL

A Descent on London from the North, to Help a Most Deserving Cause



*Mrs. Donald Cameron of Lochiel, Mr. Charles Cameron of Lochiel and Capt. Allan Cameron of Lochiel*



*Mr. P. Stewart-Ban and Major Leslie enjoying a breather at the bar after a strenuous dance*



*Mrs. Olaf Macleod, Lady Mary Lumley, eldest daughter of the Earl of Scarbrough, and Col. Olaf Macleod*





Mrs. David Smiley, Lady Lloyd, Major David Smiley and the Marchioness of Lansdowne were also among the guests. The Ball was in aid of the Airborne Forces' Security Fund.



The Hon. Patricia Stourton, daughter of Lord Mowbray, Segrave and Stourton, Major W. Smyth-Osborne, Mr. Derek Smith and the Hon. Juliana Curzon, third daughter of Viscount Scarsdale



The Archduke Felix of Austria, and Lady Elizabeth Lumley



Lady Grizel Ogilvy sitting out with Capt. P. Balfour



Capt. J. D. Graham, of 5 Scottish Paratroop Brigade, and Miss Mary Macpherson



Miss Madeleine Turnbull and Major Niall



The MacLaine of Lochbuie (behind), Mr. N. S. Farquharson and Miss J. Piggott



Mr. Edward Clarkson and Miss May Farmer during an interval in the dancing



Mr. R. A. Mills, Miss A. Duncan, Miss J. Duncan and Capt. Derek Brierley, R.H.A.



Capt. Shepherd-Barron, of 6 Airborne Division, and Miss Ingleby-Mackenzie



Major-Gen. R. E. Urquhart's party: Mr. Patrick Young, Miss Nancy Walker, Lt. Ian Milne, Mrs. Urquhart, Miss Ursula Cooper and Gen. Urquhart



Another group consisted of Mr. F. Renouf, Miss Anthea Hamilton, Miss Catherine Nolan, Dr. H. Ramsay, Miss M. Butters and Dr. L. F. Rodriguez

## EMMWOOD'S New Series

## THE WESTMINSTER WARBLERS (NO. 4)

A versatile bird, whose extremely tricky flying has broken the hearts of many zealous snipers



## The Striped Roller—or Foreign Secretary Bird

(Unoveto-Orlforldowno)

**ADULT MALE:** General colour above pinkish; grey-fulvous at extremities; upper mandibles red, lower inclined to blueness; beak large and bulky; body feathers striped; shanks stoutly built and striped; feet yellow or brown, solid.

**HABITS:** This well-liked and homely bird is held in great respect by the more weakly of the Westminster Warbler genus. This is not surprising, as it is one of the largest of the species. It acquires its name from its rolling motion when employed in attempting to level ruffled borders—or steppes, at which it is singularly adept. This bird spends most of its time making long

migratory flights around and about Europe. It is able to settle almost anywhere, Russia being the exception, where it has difficulty with the snows. The Roller has an easily recognised note, a kind of "Yessyessthatyorbabi." The Asiatic members of this genus have a slightly different note—"NONOamolotimesno."

It is very interesting to watch the other members of the species sheltering behind the broad wing coverts of this bird when danger threatens.

**HABITATS:** Mainly Westminster, although the bird is capable of settling almost anywhere.

## D. B. Wyndham Lewis

[Decorations  
by Wysard]

**H**ARLEY STREET, our spies report, is cocka-hoop over the developments in Rumania, where the unhappy locals, having been forced to get rid of their King, are now ruled by a Red psychiatrist, and a pupil of Freud at that.

Whether or not Old Uncle Libido (as Léon Daudet called the Viennese messiah) will solve all Rumanian problems, in a fashion, rejoicings in Harley Street are almost hysterical. Rich women run round unattended like harassed hens, yoooping with assorted neuroses, traumas, and obsessional symptoms, while from many a smart consulting-room come the triumphant strains of the Psycho-Analysts' Anthem:

When Britain first at Freud's command  
Heard all the psychos spill the dirt,  
She felt herself in every gland  
A maladjusted introvert (etc.).

Thirteen million Rumanian fixations are at the disposal of President-Professor Parhon, you will realise; thirteen million delicious cases of unbalanced thyroid and pituitaries, regressive libido, cases involving the Etiological Factor of Frustration, and every kind of sexy brawl. Whoopee! And this is not counting the philatelists. No wonder that even those Harley Street psycho boys who are less cuckoo than their clients are going haywire today. Whee!

## Bump

**S**TUDENTS of American history will recall that when President McKinley was shot by a Central European anarchist named Czolgosz in 1901, one of the national laureates struck the Human Note in a moving verse, later set to music:

Mrs. McKinley, she hollered and she swore,  
When she heard that her old man wasn't  
coming home no more,  
For to lay him down, boys,  
For to lay him down.

Only two American Presidents have been assassinated, so far, as compared with scores of European rulers, so it is perhaps a bit early for a recent Bloomsbury highbrow to decide that the future masters of the world are aware of these occupational risks, and will take them calmly in their stride, as we do in Europe. The fact being that the American people are constitutionally liable to be upset, like Mrs. McKinley, by such things, as anyone familiar with Damon Runyon's emotional gunner knows. We bet Czolgosz could never sing *Sweet Adeline* with his gaolers afterwards, without choking.

That could never be said of the murderers of (e.g.) the sweet saint Henry VI, our last English King but one to die violently. Even the fact that Henry founded Eton didn't move those boys; from which absurd deductions are often made by careless historians. Harrow was not founded till 1571.

## Gasp

**S**OME six months after the pleasure-crazed citizens of Colwyn Bay fainted in large numbers on seeing half a dozen swords passed through a cabinet containing an Indian fakir, we observe that another Indian fakir who has a sword driven through his heart (uh, huh) once nightly has been banned in Switzerland, and quite rightly. He is a bore.

As pure tedium goes, we doubt nevertheless whether such performances are worse than knife-throwing, which affects us very much like the Boat Race. In the wistful theme-song of this racket ("I Wonder If You'll Miss Me Sometimes") there is, a chap once told us, a verse calling on the manager to wake the audience up. The next verse says the hell with them. Fakirs at least have some preliminary



# Standing By ...

occult business which is relatively interesting, bogus or otherwise.

Why the Colwyn Bay fakir knocked the populace so strikingly by having a few swords (apparently) passed through his torso has been explained to us by a chap in close touch. Anything swift and unexpected and disagreeable flashing past the eye—such as a tureen of hash passed through a boarding-house hatch—stampedes the locals, apparently.

## Tartaric

A THINKER comparing the present wave of hate and evil sweeping over Europe to the Black Death was not far wrong. Both come from the same source, we discover.

Tartars besieging Caffa in the Crimea brought the Black Death from Asia by catapulting their dead into the town, whence some Italian ships escaped to bring the plague to Genoa (A.D. 1348). Thence it spread everywhere like a fire and wiped out half Europe. Every one of those slant-eyed tigerish yellow-boys looked (and maybe smelt) like Lenin, a Kalmuck type of the purest. Lenin's slightly less homely successor came from Tiflis, which is practically in Asia, and is shown thus on most maps. It would be nice to be able to include Karl ("Whiskers") Marx in this unholy Oriental trinity, but Marx was of course a Boche, and is incidentally buried in Highgate.

## Afterthought

RICARDO's theory (in *Thoughts on Rent*) that if anyone had had the courage to grab off Marx's whiskers, the round, flushed, shy features of a girl named Dulcie Harbottle would have been revealed to a delighted world seems to be wishful thinking, though some of Marx's posthumous lyrics certainly point that way. E.g.:

### Morning

The blackbird whistles to his mate,  
The thrush sings in the tree;  
My cuckoo-clock is striking eight,  
My love stands at the garden gate,  
Oh, what a day to liquidate  
The local bourgeoisie.

And again, in pouting mood, essentially girlish:

### Mumsie's Crosspatch

J. S. Mill and other comics  
Bore me stiff with economics;  
Blast you, Mill, you carefree gipsy!  
Are you nuts or merely shwipsy?

What probably got Dulcie down was the tiresome task of having to prove in *Das Kapital* that economics explain everything. No doubt she fooled the Comrades to some extent? A bit of a tartar, too, as it were?

## Guest

FISH-LOVERS, of whom we are one, were delighted to read recently that a carp which survived the 48-hour journey by air from Yugoslavia was revived by a kindly individual in an Edgware Road store and removed to the Zoo Aquarium, where hosts of scaly friends will give the newcomer a real British welcome.

A message of goodwill from the Friends of Fish to the famous carp of Chantilly (once rather testily dismissed by E. V. Lucas as gourmands and guzzlers) will follow, one trusts, and our Yugoslav guest will probably have

received hundreds of offers of marriage by this time—a genial custom to which the Race is very prone—since ideologically he is blameless. Hence the Aquarium will not be filled with hideous Bloomsbury types pointing dirty but accusing fingers and hissing "Fascist Beast!", as would happen, for example, with a Spanish eel or an Argentine shrimp.

In short, we welcome this *carp de chez Tito* unreservedly in the name of Progress and Democracy, apart from all questions of sentiment. To thousands of the heirs of Drake his sterling pan may recall the features of some loved one, doubtless. Write to the Social Secretary of the Friends of Fish (198 Bedford Square), enclosing a snapshot from the family album.

## Song

A PHRASE in the *Times* obituary of Richard Tauber, whose golden voice was heard in Mozart far too seldom, must have puzzled many. "He is reported to have sung the song 'You Are My Heart's Delight' from *The Land of Smiles* about 10,000 times," said Auntie rather frigidly, and you naturally ask how Auntie got to know.

It was conveyed to her, we learn, from the servants' hall, for this was before the days when Auntie started dancing the Carmagnole with Left Wing dons in her new pink flannel undies, and she was cut off totally, so to speak, from communion with the proletariat. However, the uproar below-stairs attracted her attention, and a footman duly informed her that a very popular Tauber number was at the moment delighting the lower orders.

"A song of Tauber's, Parkinson? Not the Tauber?"

"Yes, Madam."

"Dear me, he seemed a more—how shall one put it?—a more congenial type! But no matter. They may continue singing, Parkinson."

"Thank you, Madam."

"And keep the doors closed. I am expecting the Governor of the Bank."

"Very good, Madam."

Hence the phrase "He is reported," etc. Otherwise the rumour would have flown round the Athenæum that Auntie was losing her form.

## Chingachgook

RED INDIANS of the Six Nations, headed by their chief in a lounge-suit and armed with a charter of George III and a stack of legal volumes, have been giving the Ottawa lawyers a tumble over land-compensation, we read. This is not surprising.

The only Red Indian we ever met, a graduate of Notre Dame, Ind., and a lawyer himself, confirmed our suspicion that if Rousseau wanted to write all that fluff about the Noble Savage today he would have to hit the trail to the wilds of (say) Kensington, where in the lodges of the paleface the whoop of the chartered accountant is still the sign of bloody war. Whether Vassar and Bryn Mawr turn out a better type of squaw than Heathfield and Roedean we couldn't discover, except for one significant fact. At a Christmas party the squaw of our Red Man friend ventured for once on a second cocktail. "Lay off, Laughing Fire-Water!" said Big Chief Little Bear with a playful dig. We thought of the paleface squaws tossing back the dry Martinis *en série* in wigwams off Park Avenue and Piccadilly, and held our peace, save for a guttural "Wa!"



"... armed with a charter of George III."



"We welcome the carp de chez Tito . . . and Tartaric friends"



*The Delhi Hunt at one of its last meets before disbandment. The Master, Major Calmady-Hamlyn, is on the white horse near the pack of eleven-and-a-half couples. In its latest form the Hunt dated from 1926, though jackal was hunted in the district for twenty years before that. The Hunt president was Major-General W. D. A. Lentaigne, C.B.E., D.S.O., and members included most recent Viceroy*

## Sabretache

# Pictures in the Fire

THE report adds that the Indians beat back several attacks by *uniformed and steel-helmeted raiders using machine-guns, mortars and artillery . . .* And these are the wild Pathans from across the north-west border, the human wolves, untirable and uncatchable, born first-class rifle-shots, complete experts with the heavy-backed Pathan knife and the curved sword, active as mountain goats and capable of living on the local *biltong*, plus anything they can scrounge, for an indefinite period.

Someone has taught them this new game, and apt pupils though they may be, they cannot have learnt it inside a week or a month, or two months, and they have not been in Pakistan long enough to learn it at all. Someone, therefore, has transformed them into something that even their nearest friends would not recognise. Tin hats and uniforms (and Army boots, probably, instead of pubbooes or sandals woven from the dwarf palm, tough and very silent) in place of those picturesque *lungis* (puggarees some might call them), with those pointed skull-caps below, and the flowing raiment, so easy and comfortable for mountaineering, so dirty when they are on the war-path, and so harmonious from the purely aesthetic point of view with the rude and rugged background of their inhospitable hills.

It can scarcely be contempt of court to say that I wish we could find the tailor's name on their new clothes, or that I am certain that his shop is not on the south side of the Hindu Kush. What a pity that "Strickland Sahib" has joined the company of The Shades, for this little matter would have been just his weather. He would have been an invaluable witness before the Security Council, and could have shown them the short cut to the solution.

Lord Vansittart may be quite correct when he says that some people are very thick-headed; but they are not quite so thick-headed as not to be able to comprehend so simple a problem connected with the advantage of the inner lines. If these gentlemen in India were not so overborne by communal hatred and religious fanaticism, surely they would be able to understand that what is happening is part of an enormous spread-eagling movement? When you are tired of "Twenty Questions," try this for a parlour game: Korea, Manchuria, India, Irak, Greece, Trieste, Poland, Berlin.

## Some Best Performers

THE following short notes have been compiled principally for the benefit of chaps overseas, and also elsewhere, who either cannot, or do not, get around to see things for themselves, but who nevertheless take a keen interest in the National and hope to hook something on to their Lincoln fancy. It is necessary to preface things by saying that the opinions

are purely personal, and must be taken at that valuation, which, of course, may be just nothing.

Personally, I am going to start to build on Vagabond II., fit and well drawn for the Lincoln. The operative words are the three in italics. Next as to the National horses' best performances so far as we can go at the moment: (1) Caughoo: won last year's National by twenty lengths with 10 st. on his back, having only beaten horses with him after the third fence from home, where Tulyra ran across Silver Fame and brought him down. Silver Fame was by no means beaten. Caughoo was recently defeated with 11 st. 2 lbs. in a three-mile chase at Leopardstown (December 26th) in heavy going. It is as well to disregard this and look only at his good performance at Aintree. This year he will not get only 10 st. (2) Lough Conn, second in last year's National, with 10 st. 1 lb. He was quite done with the moment Caughoo made his final attack. He cut out the work most gallantly practically all the way, and being a bit in front of his bridle, paid the almost inevitable penalty. He finished second in this chase at Leopardstown on December 26th. They say he went out with a big knee on him. I suppose they must know their own business best. (3) Kami, third in the National with 10 st. 13 lbs. Since killed in action unfortunately. Like all of them, bar the winner and Silver Fame, he was whacked to the wide at least three fences from home. I thought Mr. Hislop rode him extremely well—a tiring horse is a very severe strain—and as he had been on his back in all his races this season, I suppose he would have ridden him again.



Kami, Lough Conn, Prince Regent, Silver Fame, Some Chicken, Kilnaglorry, and a lot more had a very rough time with the loose horses. Kami was a good and bold jumper, and he looked to be in promising shape. He had no luck the other day at Lingfield: slipped up on the flat.

(4) Prince Regent: fourth in the National with 12 st. 7 lbs. Badly hampered by the loose ones; a gallant loser with his honour untarnished. I hope they do not run him again. He won the Becher Chase on November 6th, giving weight to all of them. First of the Dandies, who fell in the National, was a close second, getting 7 lbs. Does not this tell the whole story? So much for the leading lot in last year's National. (5) Silver Fame: to me he looked all over a winner when he was knocked over. He was where Caughoo was, and, but for this disaster, there would have been no twenty lengths about it.

I believe him to be one of the best horses in this year's race. In spite of his recent successes at Manchester and Cheltenham, I suggest that we still rate his performance in the National his best. I say so in spite of the way in which he laid out Fortina, last year's Gold Cup winner, in the Emblem Chase at Manchester. He is a very fine type of jumper, very high class, bold

and particularly well-let-down. (6) Roimond: a very nice chestnut, seven years old, in the same ownership as Silver Fame. He looked very attractive when winning at Lingfield in December with Coloured School Boy, amongst others, behind him. He has yet to make the acquaintance of an Aintree fence. Believing that which I do about Silver Fame, I cannot see Roimond beating him. (7) Klaxton: an eight-year-old brown, trained by Jack Anthony, who knows—no one better—what is wanted. I thought he looked very like the job when he won over three miles and a bittock at Sandown on November 29th, giving Lord Bicester's Parthenon 13 lbs. and a very heavy beating. He has never run at Aintree, but Jack Anthony would have seen to it that he has had to jump something at home. Distinctly a dangerous customer.

And here things must be left for the moment until I can find room for so many more, Cloncarrig, Cottage Rake, Charles Edward amongst them.

## More About Cromwellian Regiments

IF recent documentary evidence had not been so overwhelming it would have been almost impossible to believe that old antipathies had survived the passage of over 300 years! Some young warriors got quite hot under the collar about The Blues' claim to their ancient ancestry, and since then the Infantry have joined in the scrap. We might almost be back in the times which George Whyte Melville so lyrically recalled when "the knave who refuses to drink till he fall, why the hangman shall crop him, ears, lovelocks and all" (*vide Holmby House, "A Cavalier's Song"*). It is not a little refreshing to find that a discussion, so essentially academic, should have been taken up with such fervour, since I have always found that until the guns look as if they might go off, or when the first round has made its ugly whine, it has been a case of "Tommy here, and Tommy there, and Tommy go away!"

The two latest regiments to come into action are The Buffs and the 7th Royal Fusiliers, both of which can claim descent from the London Trained Bands. Most people know about The Buffs, but perhaps not so many about the 7th Battalion Royal Fusiliers, to-day just a name in the Army List, but undoubtedly lineal descendants of the London Trained Bands, and, as one correspondent has claimed, "far the oldest regiment of the armed forces of the Crown with traditions going back to Crécy and earlier." In the Parliamentary wars the Trained Bands fought on the Cromwellian side, and it is stated that it was the stern front they opposed to the Cavalier army, which came on as far as Kingston after Edgehill, that caused Charles I. to make that fatal blunder of retiring to Oxford when he might have taken London. The Cavalier army was far fresher than the Roundhead one after that rough-and-tumble round and about the Warwickshire Kennels at Kineton and beyond.



## Scoreboard

TALKING of Badminton—which I am prepared to do, if Mrs. Knitworthy will lay off counting stitches and Mr. Culpepper will remove his boots from the table-cloth—how many people except myself and the brothers William and Robert Chambers, late of London and Edinburgh, know that this game, and also a kind of claret cup, are named after the seat of the Duke of Beaufort in South Gloucestershire?

And how many are aware that this seat is a stately Palladian edifice, of 1682? None, I fancy; except me and the Regius Professor of Topography in Miami University, with whom I correspond by arrangement and heliograph.

IT was during a game of Badminton that I first fell in love; so suddenly that I caught a delicate service low in the left hand, sat down, and waited for the next batsman. That was in 1921; when Philip Mead was top in the batting averages, and I was 263rd; when *Valencia* and *I Keep Humming* were the summer song-hits, and to smoke a pipe in Bond Street was the act of not quite a gentleman. In Jersey, we played; a land where, in the words of the grandfather of the then cricket captain of Hampshire, "it was always afternoon."

Strange games, they were, and difficult to start; for, each time the court fell vacant, eight competitors took possession, four on either side of the net; a scene that would have perplexed the most adroit estate-agent. Sometimes, while the frontal pairs were arguing, play would be started, and carried on, from behind, and once a fast and intricate rally only ceased when the shuttle lodged in the south-easterly slopes of a Colonel of Militia's widow's wig. The culprit murmured words of apology, but, as they were followed by enigmatic comparisons with the hat-fashions of the Cherokee Indians, the incident warmed into an affair; the Colonel of Militia would have presented a card, but he couldn't find

one; so he wrote to the local newspaper, who spelt his name wrong; the party dispersed amid cheers and groans, and the night came down and the stars shone forth far over the summer sea.

Strange indeed it is to think of German soldiers having occupied this dreamy Isle. As if a tax-collector were discovered in the Garden of the Hesperides; or a polar bear on the Equator.

THE danger of athletic prophecy was agreeably exemplified just before the Final of the President's Putter at Rye the other day. The scene was the dining-room of the club-house. Musing over his coffee and, doubtless, his terrific semi-final in the morning with G. Illingworth, sat A. A. Duncan, the ultimate winner, as they say. His reverie was gently broken by the voice of a young lady, till then to him unknown: "Well," she said, "I suppose there's no one left now who can beat Gerald Micklem."

AN eminent golfer told me how he once won a match without completing one hole. At the first, he topped his drive some 150 yards down the fairway. His opponent, a long hitter, drove a screamer, which bounced to the right and came to rest on a very large cabbage; then, taking a niblick, he hit the ball on to the fairway, with the cabbage now concealing it, like an open and inverted umbrella; next, removing the cabbage tenderly, to avoid loss of stroke as laid down in Rule 12, sub-section 3, he inexpertly let it fall on the fairway with the megaphone, as it were, facing the ball. Finally, selecting a mid-iron and muttering horribly, he struck the ball back into the cabbage, picked up ball and cabbage, and walked back to the club-house.

*R.C. Robertson-Glasgow.*

## A Dour Struggle for the President's Putter

Major A. A. Duncan, Welsh Guards, who won the famous trophy, beating G. H. Micklem by two and one. He is an ex-champion of Wales



G. Illingworth on the way to the fifth green in the semi-final of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society's competition for the President's Putter at Rye. Stormy weather helped to make this year's competition one of the most hard-fought and eventful of the series

Elizabeth Bowen's

# Book Reviews



The Philanthropist in  
"Princess Ida"



Titwillow, from "The  
Mikado"



The Highly Susceptible Chancellor  
in "Iolanthe"

"Savoyard Scrapbook" (Herbert Joseph; 8s. 6d.), from which the illustrations above, by Jennetta Vise, are taken, is a well-chosen anthology of Gilbert's most entertaining verse from the Savoy Operas, from the simpler lyrics to that extraordinary tour de force *The Chancellor's Nightmare*

LAST summer we had, as an exceptional number of readers will remember, a novel called *Dandy Hart*, which was an alluring mixture of trains and people. It was a fine romance, not without kisses, but I noted at the time a slight flaw which seemed to be due to a side-tracking of the author's most genuine passion. The trains seemed to be playing the other characters off; human action and feeling seemed to be forced. In fact, in these very columns I begged the author, Hamilton Ellis, to keep to trains next time.

That he has now done so, I cannot take as response to my expressed wish—for one thing, I know how long books take to produce, therefore assume that the MS. of this present masterpiece was at least ready to go to press when *Dandy Hart*, with its engaging yellow swagger, first appeared on the bookstalls.

Anyhow, here we are: we have *The Trains We Loved* (Allen and Unwin; 15s.), a book devoted entirely to trains, covering the great heyday of the railway period, from 1874 to 1914, illustrated by coloured plates and photographs more head-turning to the train-lover than could be any representation of bathing belle to the hypothetical man in the hypothetical street, and written in a manner at once accurate and poetic, voluptuous and informed. *The Trains We Loved* must, I should say, be an outstanding contribution to railway history; such nostalgia as it cannot fail to evoke is vigorous rather than lachrymose. Those hitherto indifferent to trains cannot but, on reading it, regret the trains they missed—the trains which, I mean, they did catch but did not fully relish.

THE completely indifferent must be few. "Of all things man has made," remarks Mr. Ellis, "the steam train—and perhaps the aeroplane—are perhaps the most apparently alive. Moreover, while to an onlooker the aeroplane seems perpetually angry, a cross, buzzing, busy thing, the train is decent, even benevolent. She rushes smiling through the summer meadows; laughs in austere mountain places, defies the lugubrious tunnel with a shriek of delight."

Few of us are so old and sad that we would not rush to a cutting to see a train tear through; and trains met in unexpected places have a peculiar, if dangerous, delight—in this country I feel we constrict our trains too much: abroad, locomotives potter about the streets of towns, or jiggle-joggle companionably along roadsides. From railways, provided these be not too near, come the most soothing, endearing of nocturnal sounds—what it would actually be like to live in the very middle of a junction I do not know, though I have been among the thousands of little girls who aspired to marry a station-master.

Mr. Ellis's publishers do not claim too much in saying that he has a cinematographic memory. One receives the impression that he has never forgotten anything he has seen; also, he can call up with equal visual clearness what he has not seen (such as long-ago railway incidents) but has drawn from accounts. The effect is so vivid as to be at times uncanny—the air round one seems to be roaring with mighty long-lost trains. Yet nothing could be less ghostly than the pictures he paints. For readers old enough to have been, at any rate, children towards the end of the period he covers, he should act as a retriever of dear memories.

HERE, for instance, is the L.S.W.R. West of England express:

In the middle was a dining-car that advertised its presence by a clerestory roof considerably higher than anything else. The colour scheme was without parallel. While the upper panels were officially described as "salmon," and were rather like tinned

"The Trains We Loved"

"Afterglow"

"These I Have Loved"

"Aspects of British Art"

salmon when quite new, they weathered into a terracotta brown in about a week. But to us, who knew and loved the South-Western, it was above criticism. There was splendour even in the bright brass hand-rails inside corridor windows; the first-class carriages with their blue broadcloth and profusion of gold lace, even on the window-panels and slings, were truly gorgeous; the brown plush seconds, which, like the firsts, could be identified from afar by their lemon-yellow window-frames, were admirable, and the thirds, though dowdy, were solidly comfortable.

There at the head of the train was one of Dugald Drummond's express engines. No locomotive was more beautiful than a Drummond T9 four-coupled in her glory of light green and rich lining-out. A thin film of clean grease covered her and was worked into a fascinating pattern that showed up in the sun like a watermark. Her brass safety-valve columns glittered, delicately as the crown of a Swedish bride, on her small shapely dome. She was a lovely thing!

Carriage decoration, says Mr. Ellis, burgeoned on many lines more richly than harmoniously in the early 1900's, though only the Great Eastern went so far as to trim its main-line third class with turkey-red velvet. Praise goes to the Midland for its treatment of third-class passengers. "You felt . . . that the company did really regard you as being as important as your first-class neighbours. There was a very Victorian style of decoration, with its quasi-Persian pattern on a yellow ground in the handsome moquette squabs, its flowery lincrusta panels on the ceilings, suggestive in their richest form of white-washed fruit salad. . . ."

NOT only in the chapter entitled "Locomotives," but throughout we have some great writing on the subject of engines: what might be called the reigning beauties of the different decades are rendered in sentimental as well as technical terms—reinforced by the



Mollie Panter-Downes, whose new novel "One Fine Day" (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.) has been very well received. She is the only English member of the staff of "The New Yorker," and her *Letters from London* in that journal have found wide popularity. She lives near Haslemere, Surrey, is married and has two young daughters



## RECORD OF THE WEEK

It seems hard to believe that when the twenty-four-year-old Debussy sent his Symphonic Suite *Printemps* to the judges of the Prix de Rome they looked on it with disfavour. They were a formidable committee, among them being Delibes, Gounod, Massenet, Thomas and Saint-Saëns, all distinguished musicians of standing and taste.

Nevertheless the whole work is full of atmosphere, expressing the beginning and eventual blossoming of Spring, so in spite of the judgment of that committee in the '80's, I recommend you to listen to four sides of *Printemps*, to which that distinguished musician Sir Thomas Beecham has given new life.

It is interpreted admirably by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, over every momeht of whose playing we feel the delicate grace of Sir Thomas's baton. Here is something everyone will appreciate. (H.M.V. DB. 6549-50.)

Robert Tredinnick.

that one year of what was to be, and was, happiness, they were to make a clean and absolute break—never another meeting, not so much as a letter. He, also a doctor, has sold his practice and left the town. When the story starts, all this has been over nine years ago: everything might, but for its permanent effect on the woman, have been a dream. We meet the Hornes—the husband and wife, their four children, Augusta, Agnes, Blanche and Roddy—as an ordinary, rather attractive family, overshadowed, in some way none of them can define, by the mother's secret. But it is more

than a secret; it has become an obsession. Mrs. Horne is prey to something worse than discontent with the banalities of her existence these days; she has become a permanent emotional casualty. Her inner state expresses itself outwardly in rigid energy, puritanism; all the love of which she is still capable is lavished on the pretty and odious little Blanche, who, though not actually the lover's child, is deeply associated by her with him.

Proportionately the others—the patient, puzzled husband, the tempestuous musical Augusta, the sensitive Agnes—suffer. And yet, *Afterglow* is in no way a gloomy or dreadful book—it is ennobled by dignity and understanding, and is haunted by beauty. Miss Wood writes well about the children, following through the years their youth, their loves, their ambitions. By the end, destinies have been realised, and Mrs. Horne, by taking a very hard path, has at last found peace.

THESE I HAVE LOVED," by Katherine Sim (Allan Wingate; 6s.), is a Siamese cat story told by Siamese cats. The nominal authoress (for as such, I feel, she would probably like us to regard her) owned seven of these sublime and cryptic animals—who had, alas, to be left behind in her Malay home at the time of the Japanese invasion. Of course, as Michael Joseph, who contributes the Introduction, points out, it is incorrect to speak of people owning cats: cats own people. Mr. Joseph believes—and I agree with him—that when you have read this story you will "be a little chastened, and properly so, in the realisation that we human beings are not so supremely important as we like to think. There are other things in the lives of cats. . . ."

The feline sense of proportion is well suggested here: Antony, Cleopatra, Caesar, Adam, Minnie, Ptolemy and Louisa sun themselves and go about their own business with bland, if not unaffectionate, equanimity.

ASPECTS OF BRITISH ART" (Collins; 21s.), a volume beautifully produced, embodies in worthy form six art books from the "Britain in Pictures" Series. We have Michael Ayrton on "British Drawings," H. J. Paris on "English Water Colour Painters," John Russell on "British Portrait Painters," John Piper on "British Romantic Artists," David Low on "British Cartoonists," and Guy Paget on "Sporting Pictures of England." Michael Ayrton has written an excellent comprehensive Introduction; there are 48 Plates in colour and 127 Illustrations in black-and-white. This is, as you may gather, a book of value: no home should be without it.

Shaking With Eddie (7s. 6d.), by Eddie Clarke, the genial superintendent of the bar at the Albany Club, Savile Row, is a fascinating collection of cocktail recipes for all times and occasions. They bear the mark of high competence rising frequently to inspiration, and the names alone are as often poetry as not, from the surrealist Absinthe Drip to the romantic Bosom Caresser. And in his humanity their creator even provides a section for teetotallers.



The Jester in "The Yeomen of the Guard"



Her Great Oak Tree, from "Ruddigore"



No Possible Doubt Whatever, from "The Gondoliers"

Such is the power of wit that Gilbert's work has passed straight from the topical to the picturesque without the tedious formality of "dating." And these extracts from it show that not only can it stand to-day on its own feet, but can even foreshadow the future, for example in *Utopia Anglicized*

amplitude of the illustrations. Locomotive history, and the men as well as the engines that went to make it, could, one feels, have occupied more space but for the rival claims of "The Old Companies," "The Scottish Companies," and "The Irish Companies"—which three chapters, besides hitting off character with what amounts to genius, show a close knowledge of minor as well as major lines in every possible part of the British Isles.

Scottish readers will no doubt be as much delighted as I, as an Irishwoman, was, to find the minutiae, and what might be called national peculiarities of their smaller local services, chronicled so truly. My heart swelled with pride at finding Limerick Junction described as "probably the most extraordinary railway station in Europe. . . ." There is a suggestion, rather than statement, by Mr. Ellis that trains accumulate character from the landscapes through which they daily pass—he is so temptingly quotable that I ought to stop, but the reader will find instances for himself.

SATION architecture, so much diversified, is a fruitful subject. From the great termini down to small local halts, we have a range of word-pictures. To the London termini—each one as rich as a black plum-cake with associations—justice has been done. On Waterloo, headquarters of his admitted favourite, the London and South Western, and sufferer, within recent years, of so many changes in the name of progress) Mr. Ellis writes elegiacally; he relishes the drama of the propinquity of St. Pancras and King's Cross—the atmospheres of these two are, he points out, strikingly unlike; their smells are, for one thing, different—in King's Cross "there was the reek of South Yorkshire coal, more pungent than that of Nottingham coal in St. Pancras over the way. This still prevails. . . ." The two great clocks eyeing one another from the top of each building usually disagreed."

I write of *The Trains We Loved* from the visual angle chiefly; but let this not deceive you—the book is rich in nuggets of information. How any one person can possibly know so much, as well as remember so clearly, beats me.

AFTERGLOW," by Elizabeth Wood (Peter Davies; 8s. 6d.), is an American novel of distinction. It is American, that is to say, in origin, but not particularly transatlantic in either style, character or approach to its subject, which is a general one. I can therefore recommend *Afterglow* to readers who do not, as a rule, think they like American books. Our heroine in this case, Mrs. Horne, a doctor's wife in a small Michigan town, is preeminently, I should say, Anglo-Saxon in her reactions both to her family and to love: she resembles Flaubert's heroine, Mme. Bovary, only in being a doctor's wife who has sinned.

For, yes, Mrs. Horne—ultra-respectable, an irreproachable housewife, intimidating, if anything, to her neighbours—has indulged in an irregular love-affair, during one year when her husband was away in Europe. It had been agreed between her and her lover that after



*Galvani — Nell*

Mr. Patrick Galvani, son of Mr. Dino Galvani and of Mrs. J. Percy, of Frognal, was married at St. Paul's Church, Mill Hill, to Miss Denise Nell, daughter of Capt. W. A. Nell, of Highwood Park, Mill Hill, and the late Mrs. Nell. Capt. Victor Silvester was best man, Miss Valerie McGilvray chief bridesmaid and Caroline and Lesley Dearing, nieces of the bride, were bridal attendants

## THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



*Le Bas — Cole*

Mr. Hedley Le Bas, son of the publisher, married Miss Sylvia Mary Cole, second daughter, of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cole, of 47, Grosvenor Square, W., and 910, Fifth Avenue, New York, at All Saints' Church, Ennismore Gardens, S.W.



*Greenwood — Histed*

Capt. John G. Greenwood, R.A., only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Greenwood, of Eynsford House, Eynsford, Kent, married Miss Joan Mabel Histed, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Histed, of Girdle Bridge Cottage, Eynsford, at St. Botolph's, Lullingstone, Kent



*Perse — Wilcox*

Mr. Peter John Perse, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Perse, of Queen's Crescent, Richmond, Surrey, married Miss Cynthia E. Wilcox, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Alec Wilcox, of Wood Close, Woodhouse Eaves, Loughborough, Leicestershire, at St. Saviour's, Walton Street



*Tallents — Hirst*

Mr. Timothy W. Tallents, elder son of Sir Stephen and Lady Tallents, of Sutton-at-Hone, Dartford, Kent, married Miss Diana M. Hirst, elder daughter of Col. and Mrs. C. J. Hirst, of the Old Forge, Poulton, near Fairfield, Glos, at St. James's, Sussex Gardens, W.



*Neal — Erskine-Murray*

The marriage took place at Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street, of Mr. W. Keith Neal, of Warminster, Wilts, son of the Rev. and Mrs. Frederick Neal, of Walmer, Deal, Kent, and Miss Jane Erskine-Murray, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Erskine-Murray



*Barton — Brooke-Popham*

Mr. Robert H. H. Barton, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. H. Barton, of Saxby Hall, Brigg, Lincs, married Miss Diana Mary Brooke-Popham, only daughter of Air Chief-Marshall Sir Robert and Lady Brooke-Popham, of Brackley, Northants, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge





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## REFLECTING BLACK

These Susan Small models exemplify the elegance of black for afternoon and informal dinner wear. Delivery to the stores of these three models is expected during February. The black taffeta (left) from Fenwicks, price £17 6s. The corded silk suit (centre), with fine lace gilet at the neck, at Dickins and Jones, price £19 5s. The soft black crêpe (right), with pannier draping at the hips, at Peter Robinson and Peter Jones, price £17 6s.

Photographed by Eric Joysmith

**Fashion Page**  
by  
**Winifred Lewis**





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fine in  
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## The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Dorothy Wilding

**Miss Gillian Stella Looker**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Looker, of Court Mead, Forest Row, Sussex, who is engaged to Mr. John Ross Robertson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Robertson, of Lowndes Court, Lowndes Square, London, S.W.1



Pearl Freeman

**Miss Beryl Cecilia Charrington**, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil E. W. Charrington, of Vines, Hildenborough, Kent, who is being married in February to Mr. David Perronet Sells, son of the late Mr. Edward Perronet Sells, and Mrs. Sells, of Coopers Close, Rotherfield Greys, Henley-on-Thames



Harlip

**Lady Margaret Seymour**, daughter of the late Brigadier-General Lord Henry Seymour, and Lady Helen Seymour, of Ragley Hall, Alcester, Warwickshire, who is engaged to Mr. Philip Hay, youngest son of the late Mr. Alan Hay, and of Mrs. Hay, of Chetcombe House, Mere, Wiltshire. Lady Margaret is a Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Elizabeth



Marcus Adams

**The Hon. Patricia Stourton**, only daughter of Lord and Lady Mowbray, Segrave and Stourton of Allerton Park, Knaresborough, Yorkshire, who is engaged to Mr. F. P. Crowder, only son of Captain J. E. Crowder, M.P., and Mrs. Crowder of Chester Square, London, S.W.1



Navana

**Mr. W. H. D. Heaton-Armstrong and Miss K. I. C. Chance** who are to be married in the summer. Mr. Heaton-Armstrong is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Heaton-Armstrong of Carlisle Mansions, S.W.1, and Miss Chance is the eldest daughter of Sir Hugh and Lady Chance of Caspidge, near Bromsgrove, Worcestershire

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# MOTORIZING NOTES

*From a Correspondent*

IN one of the leaflets published by the makers of the Riley 1½-litre saloon, the phrase "superb performance and road holding" is used. After a trial run of some 300 miles I am inclined to agree that this is not an exaggerated statement.

Heading north-west for a change instead of my usual south or south-east I found myself outside Henley-on-Thames with the Fairmile ahead and quite clear of traffic. On that stretch 81 m.p.h. was reached without effort. Then, despite a slight hold-up at the bottom of the hill leading from the Fairmile, which slowed me right down, the Riley, still in top gear, crested the hill at slightly over 60 m.p.h.

THE road-holding quality is outstanding, as it is claimed to be. On that same trip I was forced to take the grass verge, due to a piece of gross carelessness on the part of a lorry driver who insisted on keeping to the crown of the road in a narrowish lane. The Riley never faltered and the steering was steady as a rock. My passenger, rather scared at what looked like an impending crash, admitted that the few bumps which followed, due to the uneven verge, were barely noticeable. This little incident served to emphasize the excellent suspension.

Compared with some makes the steering might be thought a little heavy, which could make town driving rather tiring, but this is to a great extent discounted by quite positive action and a small

turning circle: city streets therefore are easily negotiable. A point to note is that the steering wheel can be adjusted readily.

The newly introduced "torsionic" independent front suspension is a feature specially to be commended, and was of course the main reason why the little incident recorded above had no ill effect. Rear springing is conventional half-elliptic secured by rubber bushed shackles.

HANDING over to my passenger for a time I found the rear seat most comfortable, whether travelling slowly or at speed. Full accommodation for three is provided, while the rear seats are arranged in front of, not on top of, the axle.

The clean lines of the 1½-litre Riley give an excellent appearance. The bodywork finish and leather upholstery leave nothing to be desired.

FOR those readers who are interested in mechanical details it may be mentioned that the R.A.C. rating of the four-cylinder engine is 12 h.p., while b.h.p. at 4,500 r.p.m. is 55. Brakes are Girling hydro-mechanical with large diameter brake drums and are very smooth and powerful in action. The provision of a 12½-gallon petrol tank is a good point.

Another important item is that of the lighting installation. I happened to travel, late in the

evening, partly with and partly against home coming weekend traffic. I found the headlamps very good and the dimming arrangement most effective.

A motoring week-end in this car gave an impression of solidity with speed and safety. Altogether, the new Riley 1½-litre is an extremely well-designed motor car, dignified yet fast, comfortable and safe. It costs £675 plus £188 5s. purchase tax.

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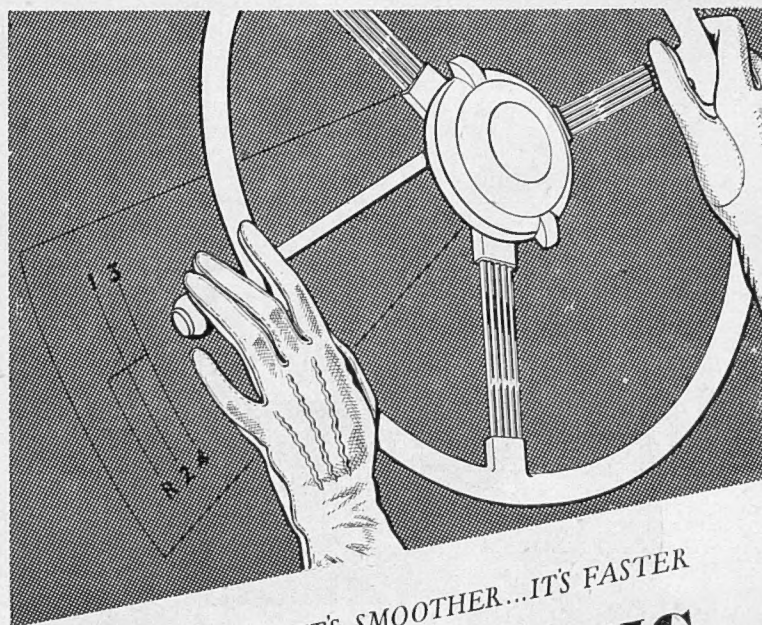
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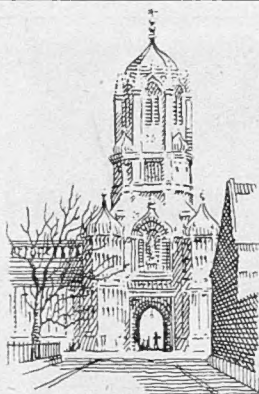
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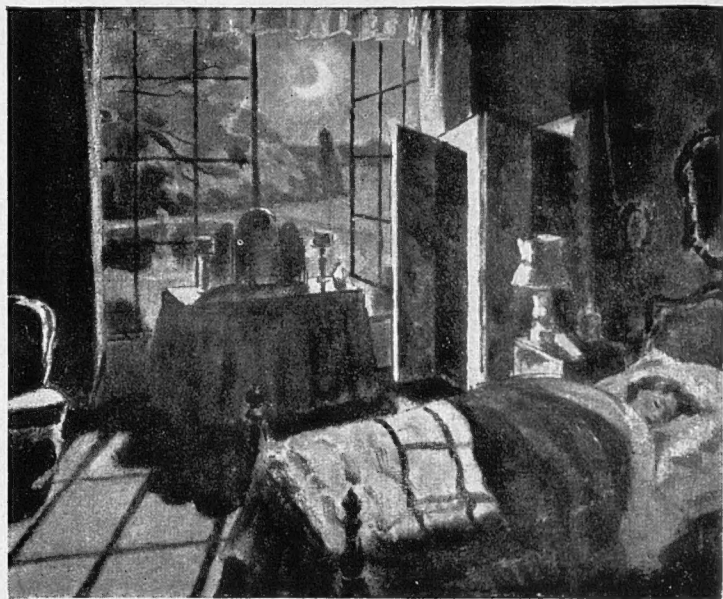


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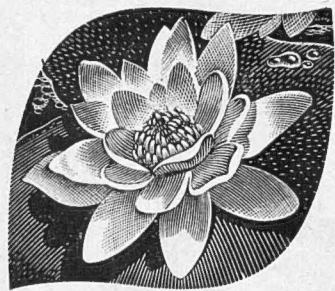


### *Oldest mystery in the world . . . sleep*

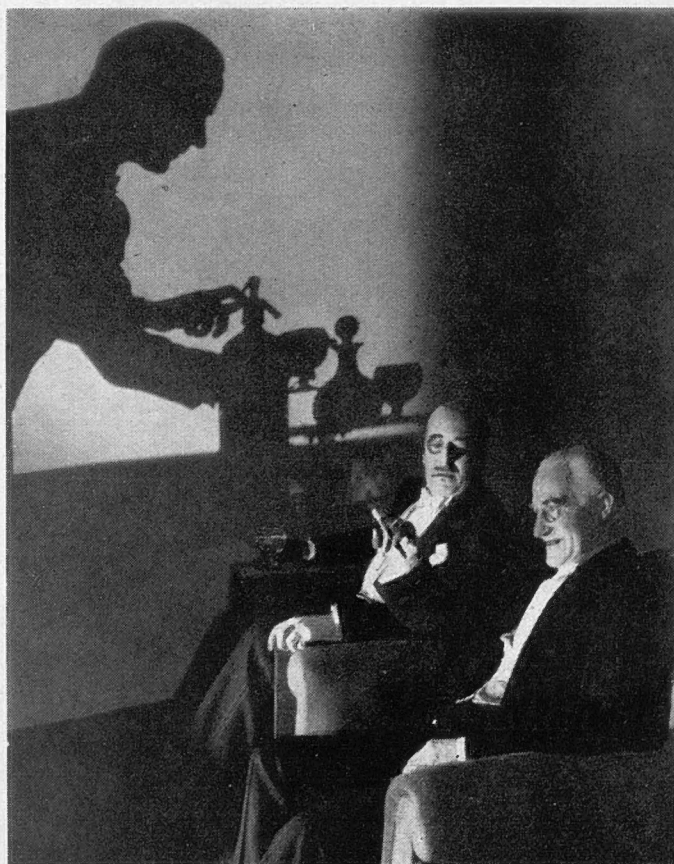
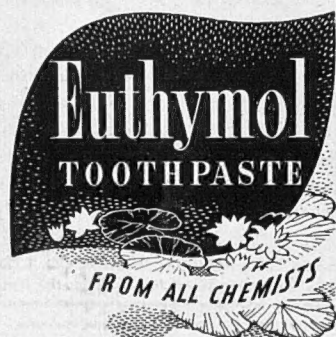
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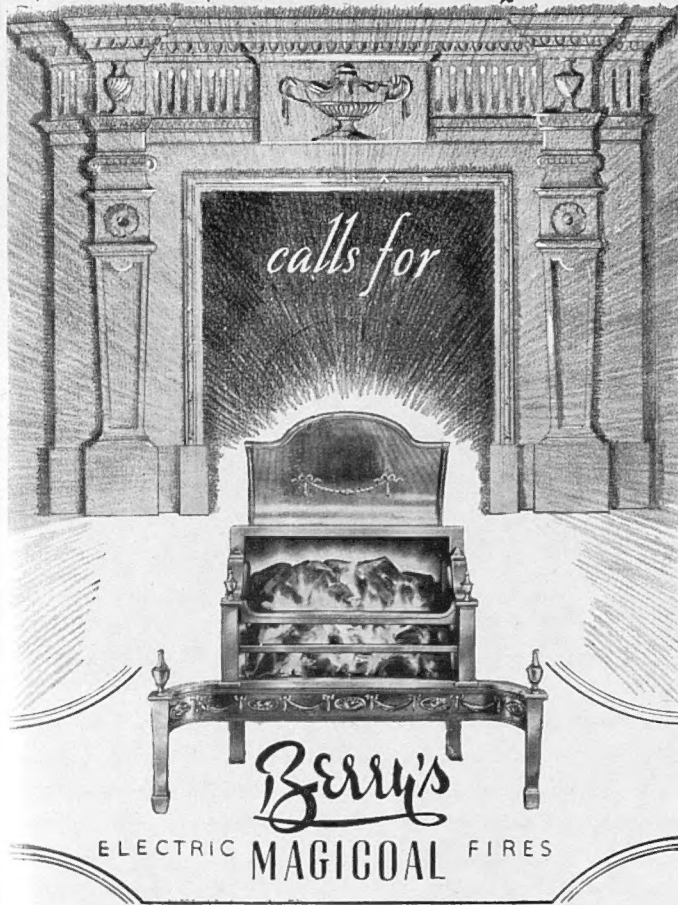
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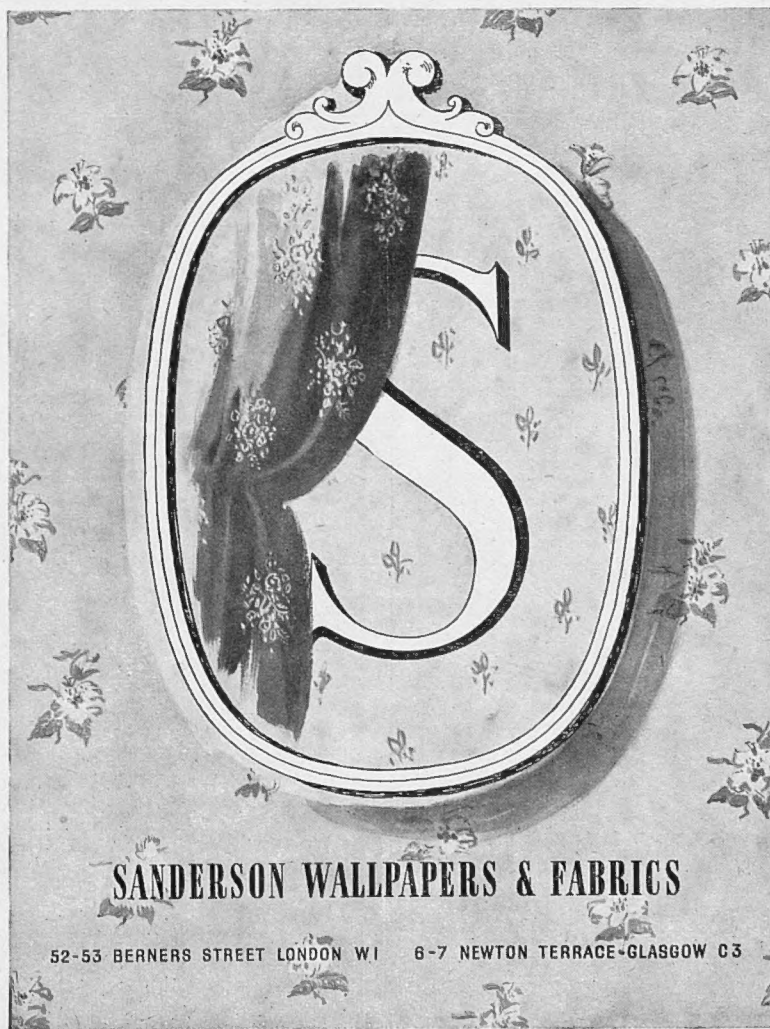
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